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The Two Spies.

From the autobiography of Rev. J. B. Fuller.

As early as the year 1760, the block-house and stockade above the mouth of the Hocking river was a frontier post for the hardy pioneers of the Northwestern Territory. There Nature was in her undisturbed livery of dark and thick forests, interspersed with green and flowering prairies. Then the forest had not heard the sound of the woodman's axe, nor the plough of the husbandman opened the bosom of the earth. Then those beautiful prairies waved their golden plumes to the God of nature; and among the most luxuriant of these were those that lay along the Hocking valley, and especially that portion of it on which the town of Lancaster now stands.

Here the tribes of the north and west met to counsel, and from this spot led forth the war-path in different directions. Upon one of these occasions, when the war spirit moved mightily among the sons of nature, and the tomahawk leaped from its scabbard, and the spirits of their friends who had died in the field of battle visited the warrior in his night visions and called loudly for revenge, it was ascertained at the garrison above the mouth of the Hocking river, that the Indians were gathering in great numbers for the purpose of striking a blow on some of the frontiers. To meet this crisis, two of the most skilled and indefatigable spies were despatched to watch their movements and report.

McClelland and White, two spirits that never quailed at danger, and as unconquerable as the Lybian lion, in the month of October and on one of the balmy days of Indian summer took leave of their fellows and moved on through the thick plum and hazel-bushes, with the noiseless tread of panthers, armed with their unerring and trusty rifles. They continued their march, skirting the prairies, till they reached that most remarkable prominence now known by the name of Mount Pleasant, the western termination of which is a perpendicular cliff of rocks of some hundreds of feet high, and whose summit, from a western view, towers to the clouds and overlooks the vast plains below. When this point was gained, our hardy spies had a position from which they could see every movement of the Indians below in the valley.

Every day added a new accession of warriors to the company. They witnessed their exercises of horse-racing, running foot-races, jumping, throwing the tomahawk, and dancing; the old sachems looking on with their Indian indifference, the squaws engaged in their usual drudgery, and the children engaged in their playful gambols. The arrival of a new warrior was greeted with terrible shouts, which, striking the mural face of Mount Pleasant, were driven back in the various indentations of the surrounding hills, producing reverberations and echoes as if ten thousand fiends were gathered at a universal levee. Such yells would have struck terror to the hearts of those unaccustomed to Indian revelry.

To our spies this was but martial music—strains which waked their watchfulness, and newly strung their veteran courage. From their early youth they had always been on the frontier, and were well practiced in all the subtlety, craft, and cunning of Indian warfare, as well as the ferocity and blood-thirsty nature of these savage warriors. They were, therefore, not likely to be ensnared by their cunning, nor, without a desperate conflict, to fall victims to their scalping-knives or tomahawks. On several occasions small parties left the prairie and ascended the mount from the eastern side. On these occasions the spies would hide in the deep fissures of the rocks on the west, and leave their hiding-places when their uninvited and unwelcome visitors had disappeared.

For food, they depended on jerked venison and corn bread, with which their knapsacks were well stored. They dared not kindle a

fire, and the report of one of their rifles would have brought upon them the entire force of the Indians. For drink they depended on rain water which stood in the hollows of some of the rocks; but in a short time this store was exhausted, and McClelland and White must abandon their enterprise or find a new supply. To accomplish this most hazardous enterprise, McClelland, being the oldest, resolved to make the attempt; and, with his trusty rifle in his hand, and their two canteens strung across his shoulders, he descended by a circuitous route to the prairie skirting the hill on the north, and under cover of the hazel thickets he reached the river, turning a bold point of the hill, he found a beautiful spring within a few feet of the river, now known by the name of Cold spring, on the farm of D. Talmage, Esq. He filled his canteens, and returned in safety to his watchful companion. It was now determined to have a fresh supply of water every day, and this duty was performed alternately.

On one of these occasions, after White had filled his canteens, he sat a few moments watching the limpid element as it came gurgling out of the bosom of the earth, when the light sound of footsteps caught his practiced ear, and upon turning around he saw two squaws a few feet from him. On turning upon the foot of the hill, the eldest squaw gave one of those far-reaching whoops peculiar to Indians. White at once comprehended his perilous situation. If the alarm should reach the camp or town, he and his companion must inevitably perish. Self-preservation compelled him to inflict a noiseless death on the squaws, and in such a manner as, if possible, to leave no trace behind. Ever rapid in thought and prompt in action, he sprang upon his victims, with the rapidity and power of a lion, and grasping the throat of each sprang into the river. He thrust the head of the eldest under the water. While making strong efforts to submerge the younger, who, however, powerfully resisted him, and during the short struggle with this young athletic, to his astonishment, she addressed him in his own language, though in almost inarticulate sounds.

Releasing his hold, she informed him that she had been a prisoner for ten years, and was taken from below Wheeling; and that the Indians had killed all the family, and that her brother and herself were taken prisoners, but, he succeeded on the second night in making his escape. During this narrative, White had drowned the elder squaw; and had let her float off with the current, where it probably would not be found out soon. He now directed the girl to follow him, and, with his usual speed, and energy, pushed for the mount. They had scarcely gone half way, when they heard the alarm-cry some quarter of a mile down the stream. It was supposed some party of Indians, returning from hunting, struck the river just as the body of the squaw floated past. White and the girl succeeded in reaching the mount, where McClelland had been no indifferent spectator to the sudden commotion among the Indians.

The prairie-parties of warriors were seen immediately to strike off in every direction, and White and the girl had scarcely arrived before a party of some twenty warriors had reached the eastern declivity of the mount, and were cautiously and carefully keeping under cover. Soon the spies saw the swarthy foes as they glided from tree to tree and from rock to rock, till their position was surrounded, except on the west perpendicular side, and all hope of escape was cut off. In this perilous condition, nothing was left but to sell their lives as dearly as possible, and this they resolved to do, and advised the girl to escape to the Indians and tell them she had been taken prisoner. She said:—"No; death to me, in the presence of my own people, is a thousand times sweeter than captivity and slavery. Furnish me with a gun, and I will show you how I can

fight as well as die. This place I leave not. Here my bones shall lie, bleaching with yours; and should either of you escape, you will carry the tidings of my death to my few relations."

Remonstrances proved fruitless. The two spies quickly matured their plan of defence, and vigorously commenced the attack from the front, where, from the very small backbone of the mount, the savages had to advance in single file, and without any covert. Beyond this neck the warriors availed themselves of rocks and trees in advancing, but in passing from one to the other they must be exposed for a short time, and a moment's exposure of their swarthy forms was enough for the unerring rifles of the spies. The Indians being entirely ignorant of how many were in ambuscade, were more cautious how they advanced.

After bravely maintaining the fight in front and keeping the enemy in check, they discovered a new danger threatening them. The arch foe now made evident preparations to attack them on the flank, which could be more successfully done by reaching an isolated rock lying in one of the ravines on the southern hill-side. This rock once gained by the Indians, they could bring the spies under point-blank shot of the rifle without the possibility of escape. Our brave spies saw the utter hopelessness of their situation, which nothing could avert but a brave companion and an unerring shot. These they had not, but the brave never despair. With this impending fate resting upon them, they continued calm and calculating, and as unwearied as the strongest desire of life and the resistance of a numerous foe could produce.

Soon McClelland saw a tall and swarthy figure preparing to spring from a covert so near to the fatal rock that a bound or two would reach it, and all hope of life was then gone. He felt that all depended on one single advantageous shot. Although but an inch or two of the warrior's body was exposed, and at a distance of eighty or a hundred yards, he resolved to risk all. He coolly raised his rifle to his face, and shading the sight with his hand, he drew the bead so sure that he felt conscious it would do the work. He touched the trigger with his finger, the hammer came down, but, in place of striking fire, it broke his flint into many pieces; and although he felt that the Indian must reach the rock before he could adjust another flint, he proceeded to the task with the utmost composure.

Casting his eye towards the fearful point, suddenly he saw the warrior stretching every muscle for the leap; and with the agility of a panther he made the spring, but instead of reaching the rock, he gave a yell, and his dark body fell and rolled down the steep into the valley below. He had evidently received a death-wound from some unknown hand. A hundred voices re-echoed from below the terrible shout. It was evident they had lost a favorite warrior, as well as being disappointed for a time of the most important movement. A very few minutes proved that the advantage gained would be of short duration; for already the spies saw a glimpse of a tall swarthy warrior cautiously advancing to the covert so recently occupied by his fellow-companion. Now, too, the attack in front was renewed with increased fury, so as to require the incessant fire of both spies to prevent the Indians from gaining the eminence, and in a short time McClelland saw a warrior making preparations to leap to the fatal rock. The leap was made, and the Indian turning a somersault, his corpse rolled down the hill towards his former companion. Again an unknown agent had interposed in their behalf. This second sacrifice cast dismay into the ranks of their assailants; and, just as the sun was disappearing behind the western hills, the foe withdrew to a short distance, to devise some new mode of attack. This respite came most seasonably to our spies, who had kept their ground, and bravely maintained

the unequal fight from nearly the middle of the day.

Now, for the first time, was the girl missing; and the spies thought that through terror she had escaped to her former captors, or that she had been killed during the fight, but they were not long left to conjecture. The girl was seen emerging from behind a rock and coming to them with a rifle in her hand. During the fight she saw a warrior fall, who had advanced some distance before the rest; and, while some of them changed their position, she resolved at once, live or die, to possess herself of his gun and ammunition; and, crouching down beneath the underbrush, she crawled to the place and succeeded in her enterprise. Her keen and watchful eye had early noticed the fatal rock, and here was the mysterious hand by which the two warriors fell, the last being the most intrepid and blood-thirsty of the Shawnee tribe, and the leader of the company which killed her mother and her sisters and took her and her brother prisoners.

Now, in the west, arose dark clouds, which soon overspread the whole heavens, and the elements were rent with the peals of thunder. Darkness, deep and gloomy, shrouded the whole heavens. This darkness greatly embarrassed the spies in their contemplated night escape, supposing that they might readily lose their way and accidentally fall on their enemy; but a short consultation decided the plan. It was agreed that the girl should go foremost, from her intimate knowledge of the localities, and something might be gained in case they should fall in with any of the parties or outposts. From her knowledge of the language, she might deceive the sentinels, as the sequel proved, for scarcely had they descended a hundred yards, when a low whistle from the girl warned them of their danger.

The spies sunk silently on the ground, where, by previous arrangement, they were to remain till the signal was given by the girl to move on. Her absence for the space of a quarter of an hour began to excite the most serious apprehensions. Again she appeared, and told them she had succeeded in removing two sentinels a short distance, who were directly on their route. The descent was noiselessly resumed, and the spies followed their intrepid leader for half a mile in the most profound silence, when the barking of a dog at a short distance apprised them of a new danger. The almost simultaneous click of the spies' rifles was heard by the girl, who stated that they were now in the midst of the Indian camps, and their lives depended on the most profound silence and implicitly following her footsteps.

A moment afterwards, the girl was accosted by a squaw from an opening in her wigwam; she replied in the Indian language, and without stopping still pressed forward. In a short time she stopped, and assured the spies that the village was cleared, and that they had passed the greatest danger. She knew that every leading pass was guarded safely by the Indians, and at once resolved to adopt the bold adventure of passing through the centre of the village, as the least hazardous; and the sequel proved the correctness of her judgment. They now steered a course for the Ohio river, and, after three days' travel, arrived safe at the block-house. Their escape and adventure prevented the Indians from making their attack; and the rescued girl proved to be the sister of the intrepid Corneal Washburn, celebrated in the history of Indian warfare, and as the renowned spy of Captain Kenton's bloody Kentuckians.

The sterility of the wife of Louis Napoleon is now a confirmed fact, and all present hope of an imperial heir is ended. It is already asserted that M. Bonaparte, if he can maintain his present slippery position, will not hesitate to re-enact the disgraceful conduct of his great uncle towards Josephine, to secure his aims.